

MACKNEY'S BANJO TUTOR

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

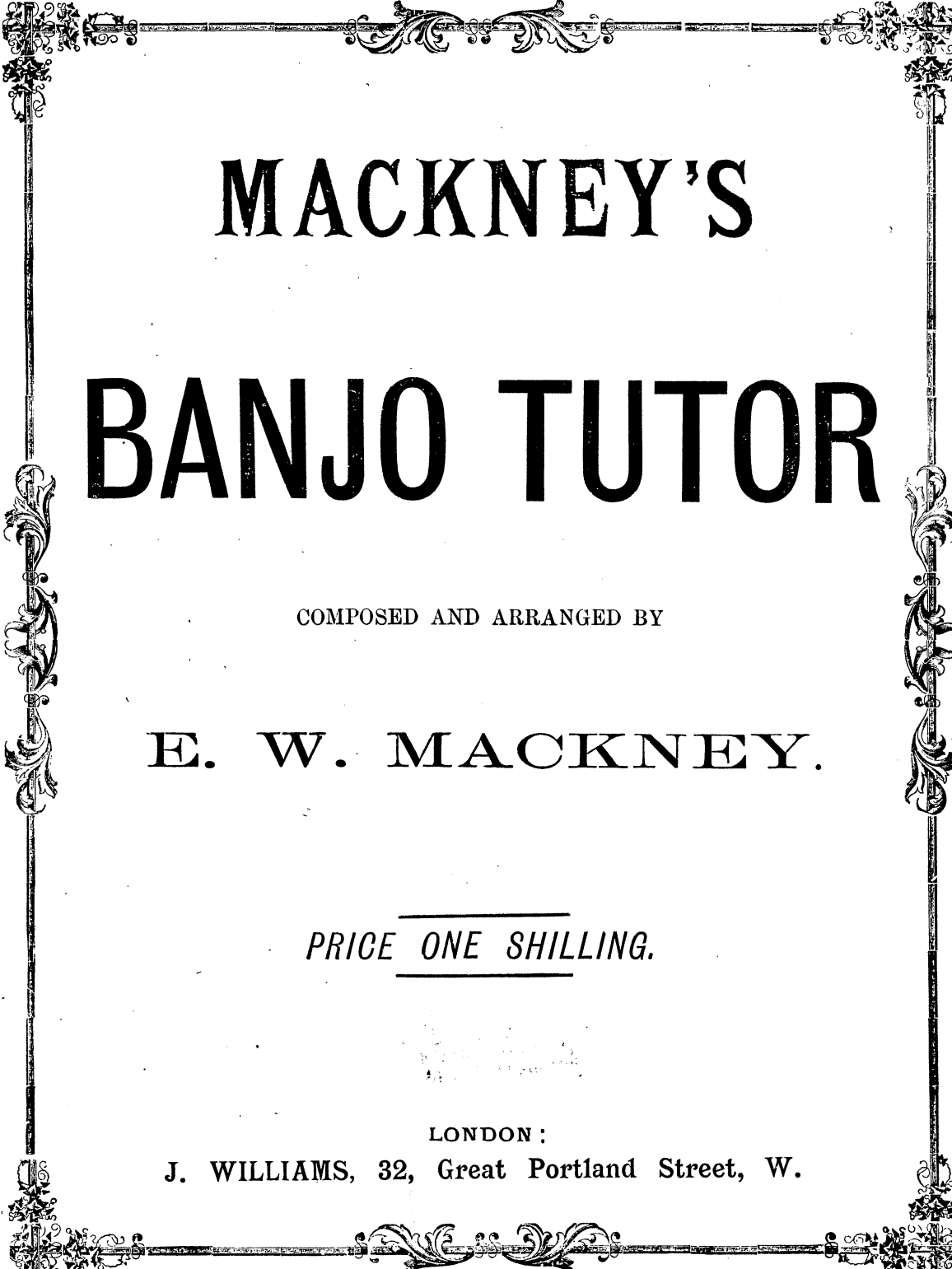
E. W. MACKNEY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

ALLAN SMITH,
PIANO DEALER,
EASTBANK ST. SOUTHPORT

LONDON:

J. WILLIAMS, 32, Great Portland Street, W.



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CONTAINING

AMPLE INSTRUCTIONS FOR LEARNING

TO PLAY THE BANJO, WITH OR WITHOUT A MASTER,

ALSO A COLLECTION OF

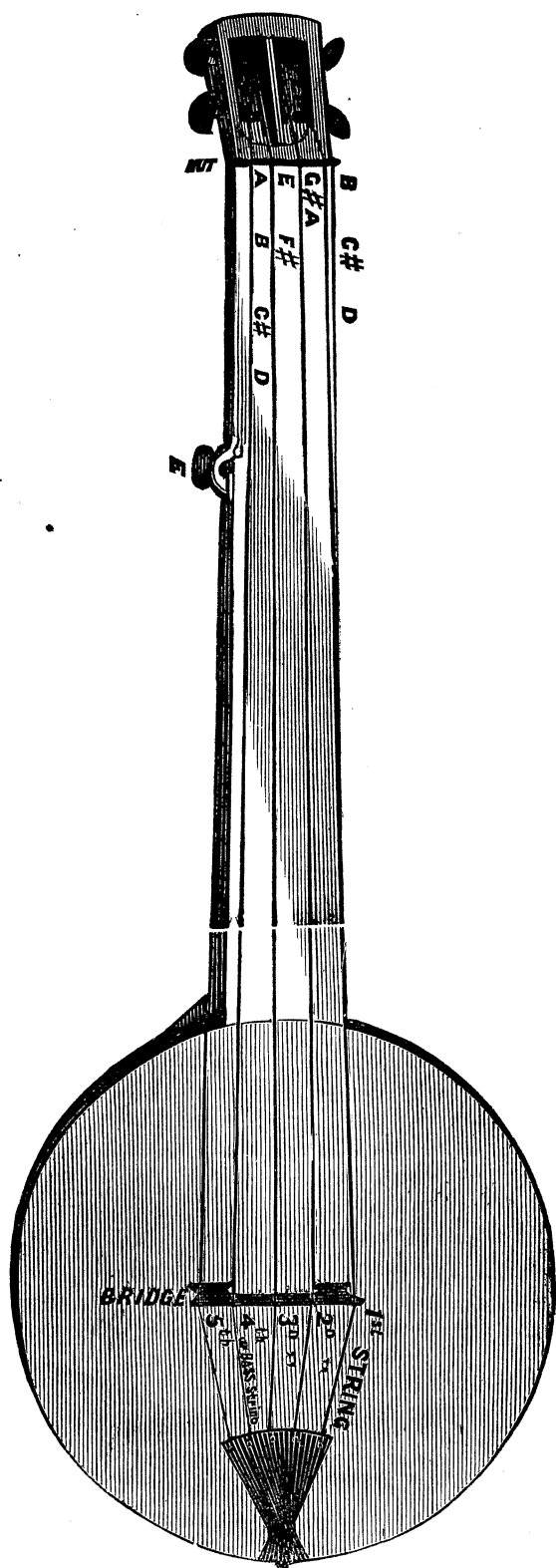
POPULAR SONGS, JIGS, EXERCISES, &c.,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

E. W. MACKNEY.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 1s



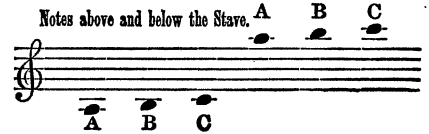
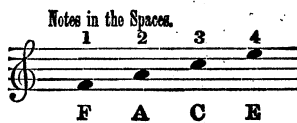
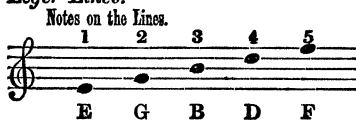
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Musical sounds are represented by characters called Notes, placed on five lines and in four spaces, termed the *Stave* or *Staff*—

When the Scale extends beyond these seven letters, additional lines are placed above and below the Stave, and are called *Leger Lines*.

and are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.



SEMITONES (FLATS, SHARPS, AND NATURALS.)

A *Flat*, placed before a Note, lowers it a Semitone.

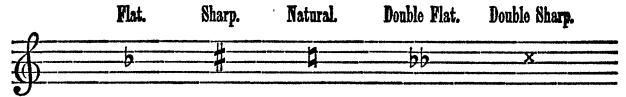
A *Sharp* raises a Note a Semitone.

A *Natural* restores the Note to its original pitch.

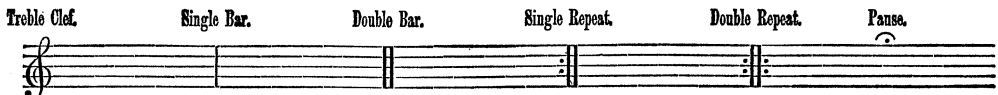
A *Double Flat* lowers a Note a whole Tone.

A *Double Sharp* raises a Note a whole Tone.

The Treble, or G Clef, is used for Banjo Music. Signatures of Flats or Sharps being placed after the Clef, apply to all Notes of the same name in the Stave, and also above or below the Stave, throughout the piece.



MARKS AND SIGNS.



The *Single Bar* divides Music into equal small portions.

The *Double Bar* divides Music into parts, called strains, or sentences.

The *Single Repeat*, or *Dotted Double Bar*, means that the part on which side the dots are placed must be repeated.

The *Double Repeat*, or Double Bar with Dots on both sides, means that the parts on both sides of the Double Bar must be repeated.

The *Pause* means that the Note must be sustained longer than its usual value, at the pleasure of the performer.

A curve placed above or below two or more Notes is called a *Slur*, and means that they must be played in a smooth, gliding manner, termed *Legato*.

A Dot, placed above or below the Notes, means that they must be played in a light, crisp manner, termed *Staccato*.

A mark means a gradual swell of the tone, termed *Crescendo*.

A mark means a gradual decrease of the tone, termed *Diminuendo*.

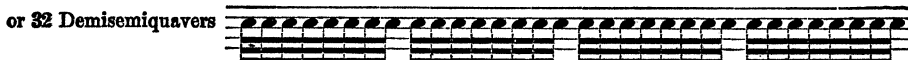
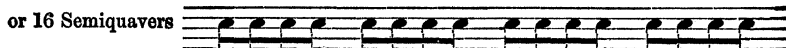
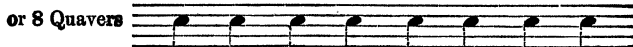
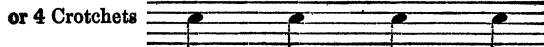
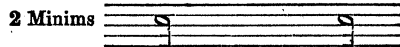
The velocity of movement is specified by certain Italian words, *Andante*, *Moderato*, &c., a list of which will be found on page 2 of this Book, and a more complete list in 'Davidson's Vocabulary of Musical Terms, with their Pronunciation; and The Elements of Music,' price 6d.

TIME.

The value of the Notes is decided by their form. Each Note has its relative Rest. See the following examples.



One Semibreve is equal to



A Dot, placed after a Note or Rest, adds one half to its value.

MACKNEY'S BANJO TUTOR.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THE BANJO.

The length, from the extreme edge of the drum to the nut, to be 34 inches; from the thumb-peg to the nut, eight inches. This peg should be placed in the handle from the side, instead of underneath, making it easier in playing on the positions. The handle should be perfectly straight, and an inch and three quarters wide at the nut; the finger-board must be perfectly level, or the strings will jar on it. The drum should be twelve inches in diameter, and three inches and a quarter in depth; the screws around the drum should not exceed an eighth of an inch in thickness, and be ten in number; the thickness of the iron band around it to be about the substance of a shilling. In making the bridge, be careful to have the fret turn towards the centre, instead of the way in which it is generally made, and place it one inch nearer to the tail-piece than the centre of the drum, which will add considerably to the sound. No more pressure should be used on it than is necessary to keep it in its place. The skin should be a premature calf-skin,—this being extremely thin and transparent. Always select a thin skin, as it is impossible to obtain a good tone from a thick one. This should be drawn over the drum so tight that the bridge will not indent it. By rounding the edges of the drum, it will allow the skin to be drawn much tighter, without fear of cracking.

TO FRET THE BANJO.

The Banjo, as used in England, is very seldom fretted, but for those who prefer the frets the following directions are given.

Great care must be used in doing this. The distance between the nut and bridge must be divided into eighteen equal parts. After putting the first fret on, again divide the space between that and the bridge into eighteen parts; put the second fret on, then again divide from the second fret to the bridge into eighteen parts, and so on until there are as many frets as are required. The bridge, of course, must always be kept stationary. The frets are all to be put the entire width of the finger-board, with the exception of the second, which only crosses the second, third, and fourth strings. The first string must have a small fret an eighth of an inch nearer the first fret.

TO STRING THE BANJO.

The Banjo has five strings, the first, second, third, and fifth of which are Gut, and the fourth is of Silk covered with silver wire.

The strings should be the same distance apart as on a Guitar. For the first string get a very fine first Violin string; for the second a very small second; for the third get either a small third or a large second; for the fourth get the smallest fourth or silver string you can; the fifth must be a little thicker than the first string. It would be better, where practicable, to get Harp strings, the Violin strings requiring more care in selecting, owing to the thickness not varying so much.

TO TUNE THE BANJO.

The first thing particularly requisite is to have the Banjo in tune, to get the correct tone and volume of sound, and have it best adapted to the voice. It is pitched to play in the key of E, four sharps, and A, three sharps, which are the natural keys for the Banjo, although it can be played in any other key, but not with the same ease.

In the keys of A and E, the bass, or fourth string, must be A, the third string E, the second string G sharp, the first string B, the fifth, or thumb-string, E, an octave higher than the third string, and is the same note as the first string on the Violin.

GAMUT IN THE KEY OF E, FOUR SHARPS.

Fifth string Open	Fourth string Open 2nd f 2nd 4th	Third string Open 2nd	Second string Open 1st	First string Open 2nd 4th	Second position 2nd 4th	Third position 2nd 4th
E	A B C# D#	E F# G#	A B C# D#	E F# G# A		
thumb	x	x	x	x	1	1

FIRST EXAMPLE—TO MAKE A STRIKE.

LEFT HAND: fingers down, the first finger on the second string, where it is marked A on the diagram, the second finger on the first string, where it is marked C#.

RIGHT HAND: have the wrist directly over the bridge, strike the first string with the nail of the first finger, and the thumb-string immediately after with the end or ball of the thumb, raise the fingers up and repeat the strike.

Whenever a Note has *two tails*, it shows that it is to be played on the thumb string.

SECOND EXAMPLE—A STRIKE AND A HALF.

Make the strike the same as in the last example, first with fingers down; then make another note with the first finger of the right hand on the first string. The * means to practice so far, and commit to memory before proceeding to the second, and as each part is acquired, start again from the beginning.

Left hand.

Right hand.

MOVEMENTS.

There are five principal movements or motions used in Banjo music, and as these form the basis of all Banjo pieces, the learner should be thoroughly familiar with them.

Whenever the note E of the fourth space of the staff occurs singly, it should be played on the fifth string. When two or more occur, the first should be made on the first string, the next on the fifth string, and so on, thus:—

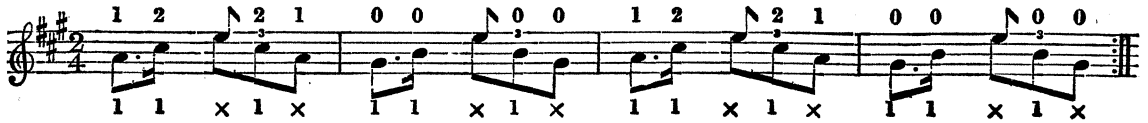
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No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5



CHORDS.

A Chord is a union of two or more sounds, to be played simultaneously.

When a single Chord occurs, it is to be played by the first finger alone, which is done by sliding the finger rapidly over the strings, beginning with the lowest note.

When two or more Chords composed of the same notes occur, the first is made with the first finger, and the second is made by sliding the back of the nail of the thumb rapidly over the strings, commencing with the upper note of the Chord.



[The learner having carefully studied all the previous instructions, and assiduously practised the different movements, is now, if he has at any time contemplated having the assistance of a teacher, in the best position to do so, as the knowledge of the instrument he has already acquired will enable him readily to accomplish many improvements in style and tone that can alone be conveyed by a professor. The publishers of this work would advise all those who desire to become accomplished performers on the Banjo, to avail themselves of the tuition of Mr. Mackney, who, with a liberality that generally accompanies great talent, is willing and desirous of conveying, on moderate terms, a general knowledge of that instrument in which he has delighted so many millions of his auditors.]

JUBA. [To be repeated as often as desired.]



JUBA.



BUCKLEY'S JUBA.



CHROMATIC SCALE.



EXERCISE IN TWO-FOUR TIME.



EXERCISE IN SIX-EIGHT TIME.

pull. pull. pull.

1 1 x 1 x 1 1 x 1 x x 1 1 x 1 x 1 2 0 2 4 2 0

x x 1 x 1 x x 1 x 1 x 1 x 1 x x x

CHORDS.

Bill Newcomb's Jig.

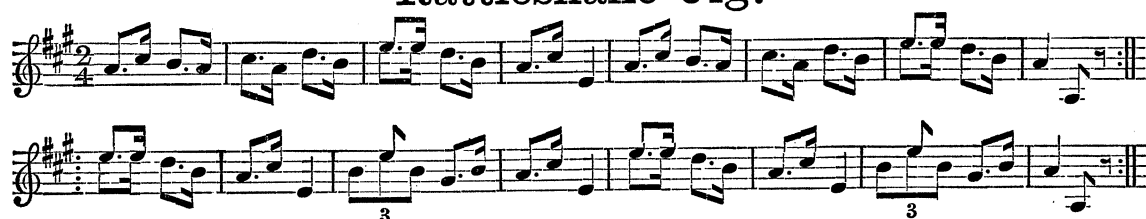
Leverett Jig.

Stop Jig.

Yankee Doodle.



Rattlesnake Jig.



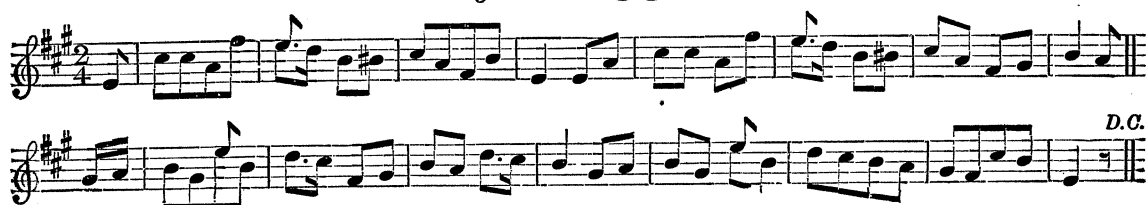
Buckley's Danish Waltz.



Money Musk Reel.



Buckley's Giggle Toot.



Stephen in search of his Mother.



The Poor Wandering Boy.



The Selim Smiter.



Spanish Dance.



The Deep Blue Sea.

Note—If the pupil should find the chords in the following Songs too difficult, he may play the top note only, as that will give a very good effect; but it is preferable to play the full chords.


J. R. THOMAS.

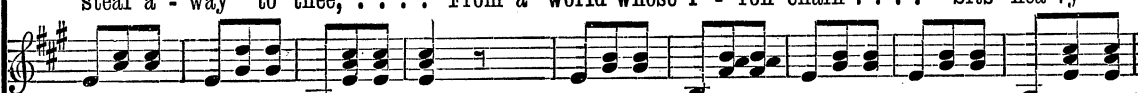
VOICE. 
When the breeze is soft - ly sigh - ing Ov - er the deep blue sea,

BANJO. 


And the ves - per bell is ring - ing, I'll steal a - way to thee, to thee, I'll




steal a - way to thee, From a world whose i - ron chain Sits hea-vy




on my soul, From ma-ny a wea - ry pain be-yond my weak con - -




- - - - trol. Oh! when the breeze is sing-ing Ov - er the




deep blue sea, And the ves - per bell is ring-ing, I'll



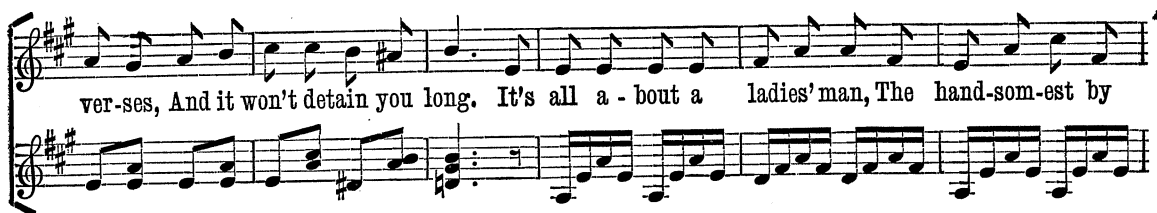
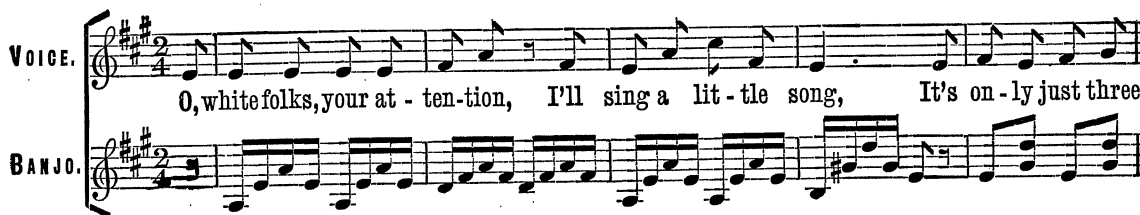


Away to the shining waters
Rippling over the land,
Away to the rocks of coral
Along the moonlit sand.

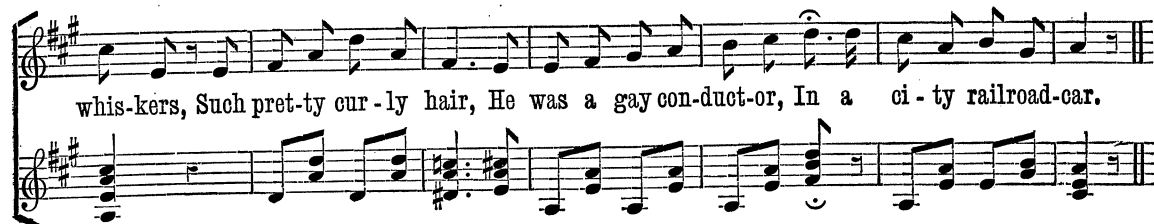
The glow of health will meet us
On the sweet ev'ning air,
The sparking waves will greet us
With a murm'ring welcome there. Oh! &c.

Railroad Conductor.

LEAVITT.



CHORUS.



2 Up came a pretty lady,
With pouting lips so sweet,
He put his arms around her waist,
And help'd her to a seat.
Then came a poor old woman,
That had not got much tin,
He took a chaw of tobacco,
And he never help'd her in.
He had such handsome whiskers, &c.

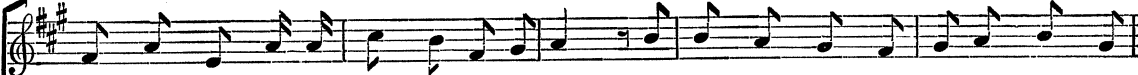
3 Miss Angelina Pretzels
One day she took a ride,
This gallant young conductor
He sat down by her side.
He made a bad impression,
For she told her dear mamma,
She smelt a cask of whisky
In a city railroad car.
He had such handsome whiskers. &c

Kiss me Quick and Go.


VOICE. 

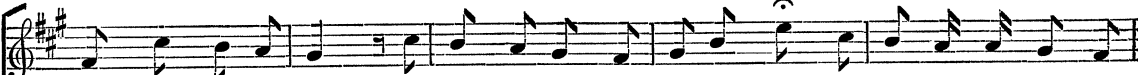
The o-ther night, as I was sparking Sweet Tur-li-na Spray, The more we whis-per'd

BANJO. 




our love-talk-ing, the more we had to say, The old folks and the lit-tle folks We





thought were fast in bed, We heard a foot-step on de stairs, And what do you think she





said? 'Oh, kiss me quick and go, my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and





go; To cheat sur-prise and pry-ing eyes, Oh, kiss me quick and go.'



Soon after dat I gib Turlina
 A moonshine promenade,
 At last we fetch'd up to de doorstep
 Where de old folks stay'd.
 De clock struck twelve, her heart struck, too,
 And peeping over head,
 We saw a nightcap raise de blind,
 And what d'ye think she said?
 Kiss me quick, &c.

One Sunday night we sat together
 Sighing, side by side,
 Just like two wilted leaves of cabbage
 In de sunshine fried.
 My heart with love was nigh to split,
 To ask her for to wed,
 Said I, 'Shall I go for de priest?'
 And what d'ye think she said?
 Kiss me quick, &c.

The Glendy Burk.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Moderately fast.

VOICE. De Glen - dy Burk is a mighty fast boat, Wid a mighty fast cap-tain, too; He
 BANJO. sits up dah on de hur-ri-cane roof, And he keeps his eye on de crew. I can't stay here, for dey
 work too hard; I'm bound to leave dis town; I'll take my duds and tote'em on my back, When de
 CHORUS. Glen - dy Burk comes down Ho! for Lou' - si - an - a! I'm bound to leave dis
 town; I'll take my duds and tote'em on my back, When de Glen - dy Burk comes down.

De Glendy Burk has a funny old crew,
 And dey sing de boatman's song,
 Dey burn de pitch and de pine knot, too,
 For to shove de boat along.
 De smoke goes up and de ingine roars,
 And de wheel goes round and round,
 So fare you well! for I'll take a little ride
 When de Glendy Burk comes down.

Ho! for Lou'siana! &c.

I'll work all night in de wind and storm,
 I'll work all day in de rain,
 Till I find myself on de levee dock,
 In New Orleans again.

Dey make me mow in de hay-field here,
 And knock my head wid de flail,
 I'll go wha dey work wid de sugar and the cane,
 And roll on the cotton bale.

Ho! for Lou'siana! &c.

My lady-love is as pretty as a pink,
 I'll meet her on de way;
 I'll take her back to de sunny old south,
 And dah I'll make her stay.
 So don't you fret, my honey dear,
 Oh! don't you fret, Miss Brown;
 I'll take you back 'fore de middle of the week,
 When de Glendy Burk comes down.

Ho! for Lou'siana! &c.

I wish I was in Dixie's Land.

D. EMMETT.

Allegro.

VOICE. *p*

I wish I was in de land of cot-ton, Old times dar am

BANJO. *p*

f

not for-got-ton—Look a - way, Look a - way, Look a - way, Dix-ie land! In

p

Dix-ie land, whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one fros - ty mornin'—Look a - way, Look a -

Chorus.

way, Look a - way, Dix-ie Land! Den I wish I was in Dix-ie—Hoo-ray! Hoo-

3

ray! In Dix-ie land I'll take my stand, To lib an die in Dix-ie! A - way, A -

way, A-way down south, in Dix-ie! A - way, A - way, A - way down south, in Dix-ie!

2.

Old Missus marry Will, de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
But when he put his arms around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

3.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

4.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an hear dis song to-morrow—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

5.

Dar's buck-wheat cakes an 'Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble—

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

Walk along, Joe.

J. BUCKLEY.

Allegro.

VOICE. 
Wid de coon on my back, and de ban-jo on my arm, I mov'd a - long to de

BANJO. 
old man's barn; I put him in de barn, right in a-mong de hay, And I kept him dar un-


til de next day. Walk a-long, Joe, Walk a-long, Joe,


Walk a-long Joe, of Ten - nes - see - If I cotch a coon, he be-longs to me.


I went in de woods, de oder day;
I sat right down and begun for to play;


I charm'd de woodchuck from dar holes,
And dey couldn't get back to sabe dem souls.


Walk along, Joe, &c.

Hard Times, come again no more.

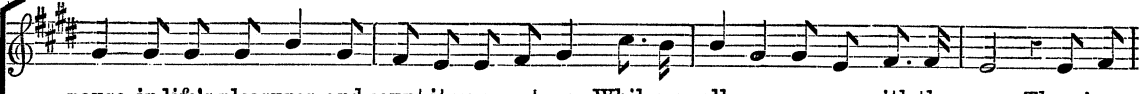
S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

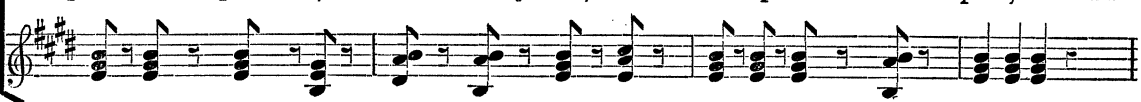
VOICE. 

BANJO. 

Let us



pause in life's pleasures, and count its ma-ny tears, While we all sup sor-row with the poor; There's a

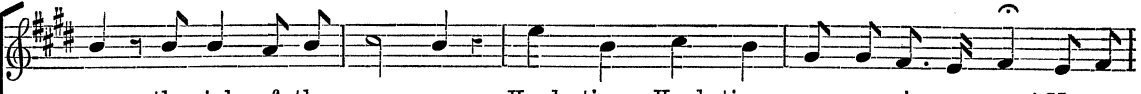





song that will lin-ger for ev - er in our ears—Oh! hard times, come a-gain no more! 'Tis the



CHORUS.



song, the sigh of the wea - ry— Hard times, Hard times, come a-gain no more! Ma - ny





days you have linger'd a - round my ca-bin door; Oh! hard times, come a-gain no more!



2. While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
Oh! hard times, come again no more! 'Tis the song, &c.
3. There's a pale drooping maiden, who works her life away,
With a worn heart, whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh! hard times, come again no more! 'Tis the song, &c.
4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave—
Oh! hard times, come again no more! 'Tis the song, &c.

Bonnie Jean.

C. OSBORNE.

Moderato.

VOICE.

BANJO.

Oh! the sum - mer morn is brightly glow - ing, The
wild birds wake their song, And the stream - let, as it softly mur - murs, So
gent - ly glides a long. . . . Where the sweet hedge-rose is blow - ing, In the woodlands
green, There I love to wander With my heart's true queen, My bonnie, bonnie Jean!

2.

Yet 'tis not the rosy tint of summer,
Nor the song-birds' joyous lay,
Nor the streamlet's soft and murmuring music,
That makes my heart feel gay;
'Tis her smile that beams upon me,
'Mid each flowery scene;
While I fondly wander
With my heart's true queen,
My bonnie, bonnie Jean!

3.

Bonnie Jean, your smiles are always with me,
When absent, love, from thee,
Making joy and sunshine round my pathway,
Wherever I may be.
May they ever beam upon me,
In this mortal scene,
While I fondly wander
With my heart's true queen,
My bonnie, bonnie Jean!

Choose to be a Daisy

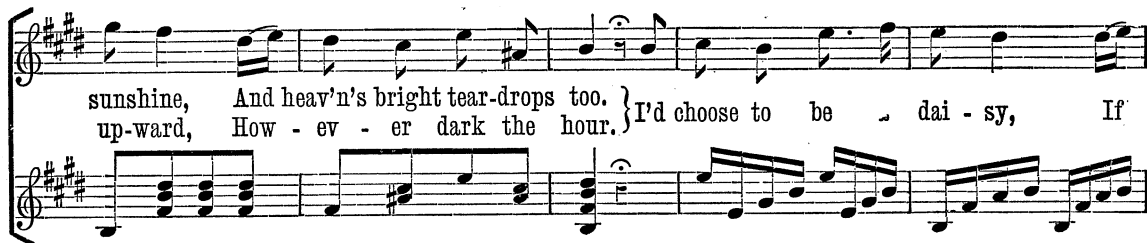
If necessary, tune the Banjo one Note lower.

VOICE.



1. I'd choose to be a dai-sy, If
2. I love the gen-tle li-ly, It

BANJO.




Peter Gray.

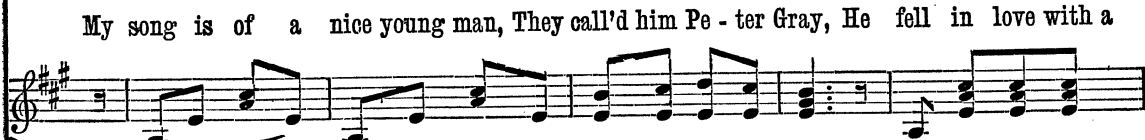
E. W. MACKNEY.

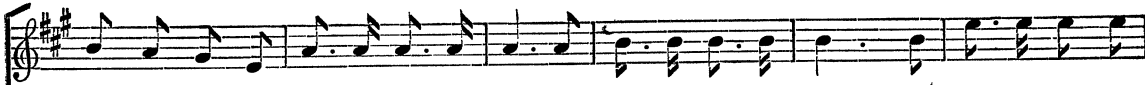
VOICE. 

BANJO. 

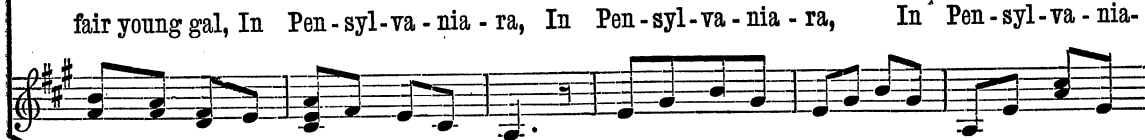


My song is of a nice young man, They call'd him Pe - ter Gray, He fell in love with a





fair young gal, In Pen - syl - va - nia - ra, In Pen - syl - va - nia - ra, In Pen - syl - va - nia -





ra; He fell in love with a fair young gal, In Pen - syl - va - nia - ra. Come back,





Pe - ter, Come back, Pe - ter Gray, While we sing too - ral lad - die, oh! Sing too - ral lad - die day.



They wanted to be married,
But her daddy he said 'No!'
So he cruelly transported her
Beyond the Ohio.

Come back, Peter, &c.

When Lizzy found her love was cross'd,
She didn't know what to say,
So she went and drowned dead herself
In the Sequania.

Come back, Peter, &c.

Now Peter Gray went trading
With furs and other skins,
When he got scalp'd and tomakaw'd
By the nasty Injians.

Come back, Peter, &c.

Stern parients, let boys and girls
Get married when they can,
For he who parts two loving hearts,
Ain't worth a single —

Come back, Peter, &c.

Darkies' Christmas Day.

E. W. MACKNEY.

VOICE.  Come,

BANJO: 

 down wid de cane-knife and down wid de hoe, Put nee-dles and treads, gals, a - way;



 Take up de fid - dle, and ro-sin de bow, 'Tis Dark-ies' Christ-mas Day. Plum-



 beef and roast pudding's de treat, Bones, ban-jo and fid-dle we'll play; So,

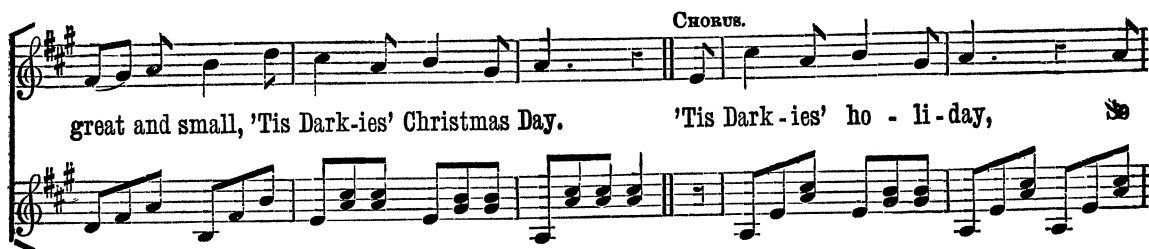


 Dark-ies, all you dat don't dance, take your seats, 'Case dis am Christmas Day. 'Tis



 Dark-ies' ho - li - day, So, dark-ies all, be gay; Come, dark-ies all, both





2.
Ole Whitey Brown's got new second-hand shoes,
What he ole massa wear'd out last year,
Black Peter, the Cook, am down in the blues,
'Cause he can't in his best white appear;
Miss Jane got de gout in her eye,
But she promised to trow it away,
And de 'Plantation Break-down' wid Sambo to try,
'Cause 'tis Darkies' Christmas Day.
'Tis Darkies' holiday, &c.

3.
De table and chairs war spread out in de hall,
And after Ole Quashy say grace,
To eating and drinking de Niggers did fall,
Until dey got black in de face.
Dandy Jem wid a knife and fork eat,
But Nigger Sam beat him by chalks,
Wid his hand and his mout' Sam collar de meat,
Saying, 'Finger war made before forks.'
'Tis Darkies' holiday, &c.

4.
Now, after de feeding, some ob dem got queer,
But dat Nigger Sam was de worst,
So dey geb him a pailful of hot ginger-beer,
For we all tought his boiler would burst.
Coal Black Rose, she turn pale wid de fright,
A shriek burst out from sweet Mary Blain,
While Uncle Tom and Aunt Nell had a fright,
And Ginger Blue look black wid pain.
'Tis Darkies' holiday, &c.


5.
At last some of de Buffalow gals did invance,
And tell them to strike up a round,
And dem dat was able did stand up and dance,
While de sick folks lie down on de ground.
While some was a singing a dance,
De oders were dancing a song,
And de Niggers all, both great and small,
War as happy as the day war long.
'Tis Darkies' holiday, &c.

6.
Miss Nancy Benana comes out wid a squeal,
As round in de dance she did go,
While she was gibbing de toe and de heel
Under de great mistletoe.
It nearly a licker did prove—
Wid a kiss she was almost a faint.
And, by golley, de mistletoe so full wid love,
Dat all ob dem coteh de complaint.
'Tis Darkies' holiday, &c.


7.
Sam got screw'd up wid de widow, Miss Jane,
Miss Nancy's lub struck by de waiter.
And Elephant Bet, she drop into lub's pain,
Got snapp'd up wid Bob Alligator.
Ned Flounder-mouth laugh wid Luce Down,
Dandy Bob, he got hook'd wid Black Sal;
While I got entangled wid Miss Whitey Brown,
And married dat young yellow gal.
'Tis Darkies' holiday, &c.

Sally, come up.

E. W. MACKNEY.

VOICE. 

MASSA'S gone to town de news to hear, And he has left de o - verseer To

BANJO. 



look to all de Nig - gers here, While I make up to Sal - ly. She's such a





belle, A real dark swell,— She dress so slick and looks so well, Dar's




CHORUS.




not a gal like Sally. Sal - ly, come up! oh Sal - ly, go down! Sal - ly, come twist your





heel around; De old man he's gone down to town, Oh, Sally, come down de middle.



Last Monday night I gave a ball.
And I invite the Niggers all,
The thick, the thin, the short, the tall,
But none came up to Sally!
And at the ball
She did lick 'em all;
Black Sal was de fairest gal ob all—
My lubly, charming Sally!
Sally, come up, &c.

Dar was oat lubly gal, Miss Fan,
Wid a face as broad as a frying-pan;
But Sally's is as broad again—
Dar's not a face like Sally's!
Sh's got a foot
To full out de boot,
So broad, so long, as a gum-tree root,
Such a foot has Sally!
Sally, come up, &c.

Sally has got a lubly nose,
Flat across her face it grows,
It sounds like tunder when it blows,
Such a lubly nose has Sally!
She can smell a rat,
So mind what you're at;
Its rather sharp although its flat,
Is the lubly nose ob Sally!
Sally, come up, &c.

De fiddle was play'd by Pompey Jones,
Uncle Ned he shook de bones,
Joe play'd on de pine-stick stones;—
But dey couldn't play to Sally!
Ole Dan Roe
Play'd on de ole banjo,
Ginger Blue de big Drum blew;
But he couldn't blow like Sally!
Sally, come up, &c.

Sally can dance, Sally can sing,
De cat-choker reel, and break-down
To get de Niggers in a string [fling;
Dar's not a gal like Sally!
Tom, Sam, and Ned,
Dey often wish me dead;
To dem both all tree I said,
Don't you wish you may get my Sally?
Sally, come up, &c.

De oder night I said to she,
'I'll hab you, if you'll hab me,'
'All right,' says she. 'I do agree;'
So I smash up wid Sally!
She's rader dark,
But quite up to de mark;
Nebber was such a girl for a lark,
Such a clipper girl was Sally!
Sally, come up, &c.

Di, Di, Di !

Arranged by ARTHUR STANLEY.

VOICE.

12. P.B. 1. I'm a pri-ma bal-ler-i-na as-so-lu-ta, As-so-
2. I'm the pet of all the no-ble up-per class-es, Up-per

BANJO.

2. # 1 2 3 1 3 1 5. P.B.

- lu-ta, as-so-lu-ta! I am famous from St. Pe-ters-burg to U-tah, As the dear-est lit-tle dan-cer of to-
class-es, up-per class-es! But I'm just as dear to what they call the mass-es, Who are seat-ed in the gal-ler-y and
2nd Barrè.

- day! When I fi-gure in a bal-let op-er-a-tic, Op-er-a-tic, op-er-a-tic! All the
pit! For they greet me with applause enthu-si-as-tic, 'thu-si-as-tic, 'thu-si-as-tic! When my
2nd Pos. 3rd Barrè. 3rd Pos. 4th P.B.

gen-tle-men are ar-dent and ec-sta-tic, And this is what I oft-en hear them say—
po-ses are par-tic-u-lar-ly plas-tic, They ad-dress me with a cap-ti-va-ting wit-
3rd Barrè. 2nd Pos. 2nd Pos. 5. P.B.

Slower.

"Fie, Di! try Di! not to be so shy, Di! My Di, why, Di, will you not re-ply, Di?
"Hi Di! why Di! you're a lit-tle hi-dy! Sy Di, my Di, ain't you kick-ing high, Di!"
2nd Pros.

1st time. 2nd time.

Charming lit-tle dan-cer, on-ly give an an-swer, If you do not love me I shall die, die, die!" die, die, die!"
See her give a twirl, boys, that's the sort of girl, boys, She can knock'em any time, can Di, Di, Di!" Di, Di, Di!"

R.H. 2 1 2 2 7th Pys. 5 P.B. 3rd Pos.

But whenever I'm across the big Atlantic—
Big Atlantic!
Then I meet a welcome positively frantic
From the open-hearted people of the West!
I am loved by all Bostonians and New Yorkers
And New Yorkers—
And the big Chicago men who deal in porkers,

And this is how their passion is expressed—
"Hi, Di! say, Di! guess you're kind of spry, Di!
My Di! why, Di! how is that for high, Di!
Our enlightened nation
Can whip all creation,
But we're not a circumstance to Di, Di, Di!"—
CHORUS. Hi, Di! say, Di! &c.

The Washington Post March.

J. P. SOUSA.

Tempo marziale.

1st BANJO.

2nd BANJO.

mf

1st time. 2nd time.

4.

1st time. 2nd time.

p

3 4 4 0

4 2 1 1 2 1

1st time. 2nd time.

ff

ff

1st time. 2nd time.